

VISIT...

LANZAROTE  
*Caliente*.COM

MARVEL  
COMICS



\$1.75 US  
\$2.00 CAN  
27  
LATE AUG  
© 02711

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS &  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

# EXCALIBUR

MEETS  
THE  
NTH MAN?



STAN LEE PRESENTS

# REEL PEOPLE

JAMIE BRADDOCK

SITS

WATCHING THE WORLD WHIRL BY IN WONDERMENT

STARRING EXCALIBUR

BY  
CHRIS CLAREMONT &  
BARRY WINDSOR-SMITH

BILL SIENKIEWICZ  
INKER

"PAUSING EVERY SO OFTEN  
TO NOTE TO HIMSELF, WITH  
A GIGGLE OF SAGACIOUS  
DELIGHT, LIKE THE SUPER-  
COMPUTER SHALAMANSER  
IN JOHN BRUNNER'S CLASSIC  
STAND ON ZANZIBAR:

"CRIPES, WHAT  
AN IMAGINATION  
I'VE GOT!"

BECAUSE  
REALITY  
TO US

TO HIM,  
IS PUREST  
MAKE-  
BELIEVE

THINKS  
HIMSELF  
FAST  
ASLEEP,  
YOU SEE

AND ALL  
ABOUT HIM

THE SUM AND  
SUBSTANCE  
OF GOSSAMER

FANTASY

OW!

TOM ORZECZOWSKI  
LETTERER

GLYNIS OLIVER  
COLORIST

TERRY KAVANAGH  
EDITOR

TOM DeFALCO  
ARBITER

CHRIS CLAREMONT & ALAN DAVIS  
CREATORS

EXCALIBUR™ Vol. 1, No. 27, Early September, 1990. (ISSN #1045-1366) Published by MARVEL COMICS, James E. Gaillon, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Holston, Group Vice President, Publishing, OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly except bimonthly in August, September and October. Copyright © 1990 by Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price \$1.75 per copy in the U.S. and \$2.25 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: U.S. \$21.00, Canada \$26.00, and foreign \$33.00. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. EXCALIBUR (including all prominent characters featured in the issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) are trademarks of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO EXCALIBUR, c/o MARVEL COMICS, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. PRINTED IN U.S.A.



NIGEL FROBISHER, BIG-LEAGUE BANKER WANNABE WITH AMBITIONS. BUT THE STRINGS OF HIS MAKE-UP-- PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL-- ARE NOWHERE NEAR AS COMPLEX AS HE BELIEVES.



I SAY, DID YOU HEAR?  
HARD NOT TO  
WAY YOU'RE YELLING  
UPSET MY VIXEN  
POOR LITTLE FOX  
DOESN'T MUCH LIKE YOU, NIGEL

FEELING'S MUTUAL.

FILTHY BEAST.

THIS COULD BE MAJOR TROUBLE.

AU CONTRAIRE, MON BRAVE

THAT'S 1994 FRENCH

AND THEY'RE THE KEY WARS TO OUR ULTIMATE TRIUMPH



IF YOU THINK YOU'RE A MATCH FOR THAT LOT...

YOU TRULY ARE DEMENTED!

NICE TALK

'ERE LUV, 'AVE A FRESH CUPPA.

BE AMAZED, YOU WILL. 'OW IT CAN 'ELP SORT THINGS OUT.

GET OUT OF MY FACE, WOMAN!

THE LAST THING I BLOODY NEED ARE HOMILIES FROM THE LIKES OF YOU!

OH!



HURM

JAMIE? FORGIVE ME OLD MAN IT WAS AN ACCIDENT DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME TOO MUCH ON MY MIND UNDER A LOT OF STRESS LASHED OUT WITHOUT THINKING

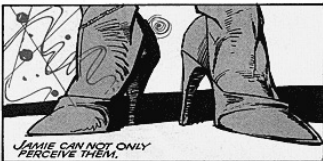
TERRIBLY SORRY MISS COLLINS WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN ANYTHING I CAN DO TO MAKE AMENDS

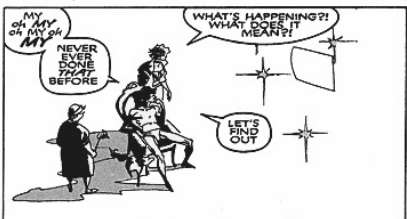
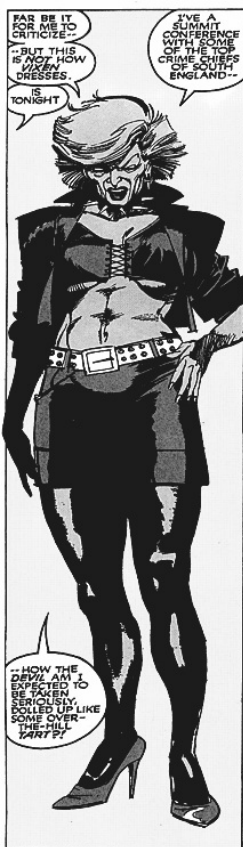
NO 'ARM DONE, SIR.

WASN'T NICE NIGEL



NO NEED T' BOWER YERSELF. QUITE RIGHT, WHATCHER SAID, WEREN'T MY PLACE TO SPEAK SO T' ME BETTERS.





...OUTSIDE LONDON, LAST BASTION OF THE ONCE-THRIVING BRITISH FILM INDUSTRY...

HAIL THE RETURNING PRODIGALS.

AND A PLEASANT "GOOD EVENING" TO YOU, TOO, COMMANDER THOMAS.

I SEE-- IN YOUR CASE, AT LEAST--

--ABSENCE HASN'T MADE THE HEART GROW FONDER.

'STREWTH! I'M HEARIN' THINGS?

BIG FELLA JUST CRACK WISE?

OUR CAPTAIN BRITAIN...

...HE'S JUST BRIM-FULL OF SURPRISES.

CAPTAIN BRITAIN, PHOENIX, NIGHTCRAWLER, MEGGAN--

--SHOULDN'T THERE BE FIVE OF YOU?

REGRETTABLY, BRIGADIER STUART...

WE LOST SHADOWCAT DURING OUR RECENT CROSS-TIME CAPER.

\*EXCALIBUR #19, TO BE PRECISE--TK

SHE WAS A KID?

NEVER SHOULD A BEEN ALLOWED TO BE PART O' THIS.

IT WAS HER FREE CHOICE, DAI.

AND I DOUBT YOU COULD HAVE STOPPED HER.

THAT MAKES IT RIGHT, BRIGADIER?

I DON'T KNOW. BUT I SUSPECT THEY'VE ALREADY JUDGED THEMSELVES FAR MORE MARSHLY THAN YOU POSSIBLY COULD.

I APPRECIATE YOUR ANSWERING MY CALL SO PROMPTLY, EXCALIBUR.







SHE IS FROM  
ANOTHER  
DIMENSION.

CURRENTLY IN THE  
MIDST OF A NON-NUCLEAR  
WORLD WAR III, COURTESY  
OF A SELF-STYLED "ALL-  
POWERFUL, ALL-  
COMPASSIONATE"  
"SUPER-BEING..."



...NAMED  
ALFIE  
O'MEGAN.

DR. GOODSTROKE'S  
BRIEF WAS TO TRY TO  
PSYCH HIM OUT OF  
HIS MEGALOMANIA.

THERE WAS  
A FLASH OF  
LIGHT AND  
SHE FOUND  
HERSELF IN  
PINWOOD.

TOO DISORIENTED  
BY THE TRANSITION  
TO PINPOINT  
PRECISELY WHERE.

AND SINCE SHE  
HASN'T A CLUE  
HOW SHE GOT  
HERE...



...SHE KNOWS  
NO WAY TO  
SEND HER-  
SELF BACK.

PHOENIX SEEMS A BIT DISTRACTED,  
NIGHTCRAWLER-- IS SHE ALL RIGHT?

WHO KNOWS,  
BRIGADIER.

LEAST  
OF ALL,  
HER.

SHE'S  
BEEN  
UNDER  
AN  
AWFUL  
STRAIN  
LATELY.



I'M AFRAID  
IT'S TAKEN MORE  
OF A TOLL...

... THAN SHE'S  
WILLING TO ADMIT.

IF YOU'LL  
EXCUSE ME,  
ALL I'D  
BEST TAG  
ALONG.

MEGGAN-- PERHAPS  
IF YOU SHAPE-  
SHIFT INTO A FORM  
THAT ENHANCES  
YOUR TRACKING  
SENSES...

YOU CAN FOLLOW  
DR. GOODSTROKE'S TRAIL  
BACK TO WHEREVER  
SHE MATERIALIZED.



SHE WALKS.

NO INTEREST  
IN WHERE  
HER WAYWARD  
STEPS LEAD  
HER.

USING  
THE  
HOLLOW  
ECHO...

... OF HIGH HEELS  
ON PAVEMENT--  
A SHARP, STACCATO  
METRONOME-- TO  
DROWN OUT HER  
MEMORIES.





SO TELL ME--

WHAT'S A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU DOING...

...WANDERING UNESCORTED?

JUST STROLLING.

TAKES MY MIND OFF THINKING.

LIKE THE SUIT, NIGHTCRAWLER-- BUT SHOULDN'T YOU BE WITH THE OTHERS, ON THE JOB?

A TEMPORARY LOAN FROM WARDROBE. AND ANYTHING COMES ALONG THAT CAP AND MEGGAN CAN'T HANDLE-- WHICH IS VERY LITTLE INDEED-- THEY'LL GIVE A YELL.

MEANWHILE, YOU'RE MY JOB, RACHEL.

AND A MOST PLEASURABLE ONE IT IS, TOO!



SHALL WE DANCE--

...ZUM TUEFUL, WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT!

THE FABULOUSLY FANTASTIC FIRE-HAIRED FACE...

...HAS FINALLY CRACKED A SMILE!



WHERE'S THE MUSIC?

WE'LL MAKE OUR OWN.

WE'LL NEVER FIND HER, KURT. HAVEN'T A PRAYER.

KITTY?

HOW CAN WE RESCUE HER--

--WE DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN TO LOOK?!



WHAT'S DONE IS DONE RACHEL.

SHADOWCAT KNEW THE RISKS--

...MORE SO WITH EXCALIBUR THAN WHEN SHE JOINED THE X-MEN.

WE MUST SIMPLY HOPE FOR THE BEST-- THAT SOME- DAY, SOMEHOW, THINGS WILL TURN OUT ALL RIGHT.

HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT?!

IN MY LIFETIME-- THE HISTORY YET TO COME--



...MOST OF YOU ARE KILLED?

MUTANTS ARE HUNTED LIKE VERMIN, TO BE SLAUGHTERED ON SIGHT OR IMPRISONED IN CONCENTRATION CAMPS.

HOW CAN YOU HAVE HOPE WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT'S COMING?!

YOU SAID IT YOURSELF, WE KNOW WHAT'S COMING. THERE'S STILL THE CHANCE TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE.



YOU MAKE IT SOUND SO EASY-- GASP!?!

**SPIRAL!?**

I'VE BEEN DANCING UP A SPIRAL RAMP--

--JUST LIKE WHEN YOU TRICKED ME BEFORE?--

--THIS IS A TRAP!

MEANWHILE...

DON'T MIND US,  
PAL. PRETEND WE  
AIN'T EVEN ABOUT.

I DO, MIND.  
GO AWAY.

UP AHEAD,  
CAPTAIN!

AND I  
HAVE A  
SCENT...

...OF NIGHT-  
CRAWLER AND  
PHOENIX--

--oh,  
MY?

THE  
PHOENIX  
EFFECT!

SHE'S OFF ON  
A ROYAL TEAR.

I ASSUME  
THAT'S BAD.

YOUR GUESS,  
BRIGADIER...

"IS AS GOOD AS MINE."

SOMETHING  
HAPPENING...!

FEEL LIKE WE'RE  
BEING TWISTED...

...INSIDE  
OWWT!

WHAT THE  
DEVIL--?!

SOMEHOW, JOHN  
DOE-- TO COIN  
A PHRASE--

-- I DON'T  
THINK WE'RE  
IN KANSAS  
ANYMORE.

THIS ISN'T  
PINEWOOD!  
AND WHAT'S  
HAPPENED  
TO OUR  
CLOTHES?!

DON'T ASK ME,  
NIGHTCRAWLER.

I JUST  
GOT HERE  
MYSELF.



HYPNOTISM!  
EFFECT WON'T LAST LONG. BETTER SCOOT WHILE WE CAN.

WHATEVER WORKS FOR YOU, COLONEL.

SCREWY SHOES-- ONLY HAVE TWO TOES.

YOU THINK YOU HAVE PROBLEMS.

I KEEP POKING MYSELF WITH THESE SILLY SPIKES.

AND THERE ARE NO ZIPS! HOW DO I TAKE THIS COSTUME OFF?!

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS.  
'PEARS TO ME THERE'S NOTHING UNDERNEATH...

"...BUT YOU?"  
"YOU ARE A PIG, JOHN DOE!"

WHOEVER THESE STRANGERS ARE...  
...THEY HAVE SOME FORMIDABLE POWERS THEMSELVES.

BUT BRIAN--

"--WHAT ABOUT KURT AND RACHEL?"

WASHINGTON, D.C.

NO NEED FOR THIS ROUGH STUFF.

WE'RE HERE BY ACCIDENT.

WE DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE.

WELL, TROUBLE'S WHAT YOU GOT, RED--

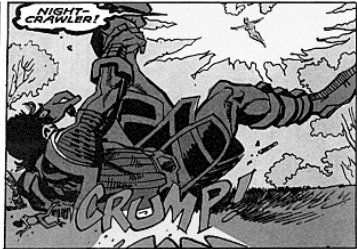
--WITH A CAPITAL "T" FOR TERMINAL--

--UNLESS I GET SOME ANSWERS!

TOLD YOU, WE DON'T--

--oh, THE HECK WITH THIS.  
AND BUSTER-- THE HECK WITH YOU!

KPOW!







PINEWOOD.

CLEAR EVIDENCE OF A BATTLE.

BUT THE LANDSCAPE ISN'T CHEWED UP ANYWHERE NEAR AS MUCH AS IT SHOULD BE.

AS THOUGH NONE OF THE EXPLOSIVES WERE FULL-RATED CHARGES.

THAT REALLY DIDN'T HAPPEN.

AN ILLUSION, NOTHING MORE.

ALL LIFE IS AN ILLUSION, NOVI-CAKES.

I HATE IT WHEN YOU CALL ME THAT!

AND I'M FED UP WITH YOUR CURSED EPIGRAMS!

WHAT IS IT THAT YOU DO, NTH MAN, HOW IS IT POSSIBLE?!

WHO-- WHAT-- ARE YOU?!!

SPIKES AGAIN?

OW!

BETWEEN THEM AND THESE INSANE HIGH HEELS...

...I'LL BE A CRIPPLE IN NO TIME!

Hmmh-- ONLY A MOCK-UP TRAINING BASE, MAYBE?

I RECOGNIZE THE DESIGNS, THEY BELONG TO TWO CHARACTERS NAMED NIGHTCRAWLER AND PHOENIX.

YOU MEAN-- WE ARE COSTUMED AS CHARACTERS IN A COMIC BOOK?!

I AM A COLONEL IN THE KGB, HERO OF THE SOVIET UNION--

--DIRECTOR OF THE SPETSBURO, THE BEST ASSASSIN...

SECOND-- BEST.

THAT REMAINS TO BE PROVED.

AND I WILL NOT BE TREATED LIKE SOME TOY...

IF YOU'VE A WAY TO MAKE YOUR POINT...

...I'M GAME.

OTHERWISE, WE'RE STUCK.

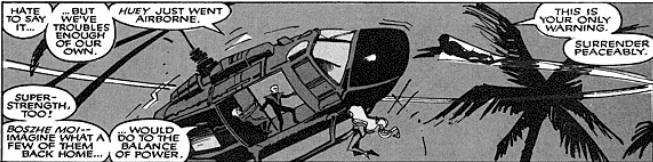
...PROVIDED FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF ALFIE O'MEAGAN!

I SUSPECT, THOUGH, THIS ISN'T ALTOGETHER ALFIE'S DOING.

BET HE'S GOING TO BE ROYALLY SURPRISED WHEN HE CROSSES THE FOLKS WHO BELONG TO THESE SUITS-- ESPECIALLY IF THEY'RE ANYTHING LIKE THEY ARE ON PAPER.

GOOD. THE ARROGANT BRUTE NEEDS A LESSON.

MY REGRET IS THAT IT WON'T BE ME TEACHING IT TO HIM.



WASHINGTON, D.C.

HAVING FUN, PAI?

'CAUSE I SURE AM!

I'M SICK OF CREEPS LIKE YOU LAYING CLAIM TO ME OR MY WORLD...

...JUST BECAUSE YOU THINK YOU'RE SO POWERFUL...

"NO ONE CAN SAY DIFFERENT."

HOW'S IT FEEL, ALFIE, BEING ON THE RECEIVING END FOR A CHANGE?

THIS IS TOTALLY OUT OF HAND.

RACHEL'S SO WRAPPED UP IN HER RAGE...

...SHE DOESN'T REALIZE SHE'S BECOME PRECISELY WHAT SHE'S FIGHTING AGAINST.

AS EVER THE VOICE OF REASON

eh NIGHTY

QUEL SNOOZE

Y'ASK ME SANITY-- AN OVER-RATED CONCEPT

IF YOU HAVE THE POWER--

--PLEASE, STOP THIS!

THIS IS TELEVISION, BUNBULUH

CONFLICTS HAVE TO BE RESOLVED

IN A DYNAMIC AND VISUALLY STIMULATING MANNER

SURE BOTH SIDES COULD BEHAVE LIKE RATIONAL BEINGS

BUT WHERE'S THE FUN

BORRRRRING

AND JUST TO EGG PHOENIX ON

LET'S GIVE HER YOUR TRAGIC DEMISE TO AVENGE SHALL WE

KAME!



ALFIE AND THE GOOD DOCTOR, JUST AS SHE TOLD US.

SO MUCH POWER...  
...SUCH TOTAL IRRESPONSIBILITY.

HARD TO TELL WHO'S BEHAVING WORSE SOMETIMES...

...ALFIE, OR THE FORCES ARRAYED AGAINST HIM.

FLASH OF LIGHT-- EMANATING FROM THE TV--  
Ah!  
HA!

...COINCIDENT WITH DOCTOR GOODSTROKE'S DISAPPEARANCE FROM THIS REALITY...

DO NOT  
ADJUST  
YOUR SET.

...AND MANIFESTATION IN OUR OWN.

THERE'S JAMIE WATCHING TELEVISION, TOO.

THAT WOMAN WITH HIM--

...LONDON'S VERSION OF NEW YORK'S KINGPIN OF CRIME.

...VIXEN.

THERE'S THE SWITCH, WHICH SUGGESTS...

THE TELEVISIONS ARE SOMEHOW IN SYNC, CREATING A WINDOW BETWEEN DIMENSIONS.

ANALOGOUS, PERHAPS, TO THE PORTAL WE OCCASIONALLY ENCOUNTER IN THE BASEMENT OF EXCALIBUR'S LIGHTHOUSE.

AND THIS WINDOW'S SHAPED OPEN, ALLOWING ACTUAL TRAVEL BACK AND FORTH.

PINWOOD

THIS IS THE SET OF MY MOVIE FILM.

I WANT TO KILL HIM, MORE THAN EVER.

TEMPER.

YOU COSTUMED CLOWNS CAN'T WALTZ IN HERE, MESSING UP OUR WORK.

MAYBE WHAT YOU GET AWAY WITH ON THE OUTSIDE--!

PLEASE DON'T POKE OR I'LL TEAR YOUR ARM OFF!

WE WERE INVITED, BY THE AUTHORITIES.

READ MY CONTRACT.

HERE, I'M THE AUTHORITY!



RACHEL!

SHE'S TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL.

ALL THE STRESS OF POWERING US THROUGH OUR CROSS-TIME JOURNIES, THE BATTLES ALONG THE WAY--

--HER GUILT OVER THE LOSS OF KITTY--

--COMBINED WITH HER INNATE TERROR OF THE CONSEQUENCES--

OF HER EVER GIVING FULL-VENT TO HER EMOTIONS...

...IT'S ALL CAUGHT UP WITH HER!

SHE'LL NEVER HEAR MY VOICE--

--SHE'S IGNORING MY MENTAL CRIES--

--ALFIE'S BEGGING FOR MERCY--

...MORE AND MORE LIKE A LITTLE BOY WITH EVERY PASSING SECOND--

--BUT SHE REFUSES HIM, TOO.



I'VE SEEN WHAT WAS

LET'S TRY THE OTHER DIRECTION.

...EXCALIBUR IS A TRIFLE MORE EXPERIENCED WITH CROSS-TIME TRANSIT, MR. DOE, THAN YOU.

FINE. THEN YOU SET THINGS RIGHT.



WE'RE WORKING ON IT. BE PATIENT.

THE 'REMOTE' CONTROLS THE SET.

THE SET IS AN EXTENSION OF ALFIE'S BEING.

BUT SO LONG AS IT'S LINKED TO JAMIE'S, IT'S OUT OF HIS HANDS.

BE REAL! THERE ISN'T TIME FOR PATIENCE--

--THERE MAY BE NO MORE TIME FOR ANYTHING!

DON'T ASK ME HOW I KNOW, I JUST DO!

THE 'REMOTE' IS THE KEY.

IN A NORMAL ONE THE "CANCEL" SWITCH VOIDS ALL CURRENT COMMANDS.

THE MODULE SHOULD THEN REVERT TO ITS DEFAULT SETTINGS--

--HOPEFULLY ERASING THIS ENTIRE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS--

--THE HORNS OF THIS DILEMMA BEING, DOES "ERASE" MEAN PUTTING THINGS BACK THE WAY THEY WERE...

...OR ELIMINATING THEM ALTOGETHER?



VERY CUTE.

EVER CONSIDER A CAREER IN FILMS?

STEP INTO MY ARMS, TOVARISCH.

I'LL SHOW YOU A LOVE SCENE...

"...YOU'LL NEVER FORGET."

NO CHOICE, REALLY.

ALL OR NOTHING.

CANCEL

NO, RACHEL-- NOT SPIRAL NOT A TRAP--

--ONLY ME!

HURT?

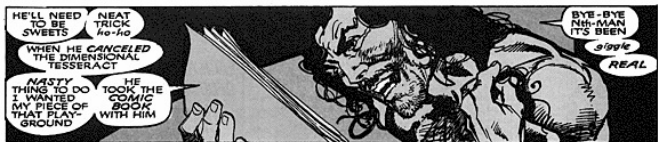
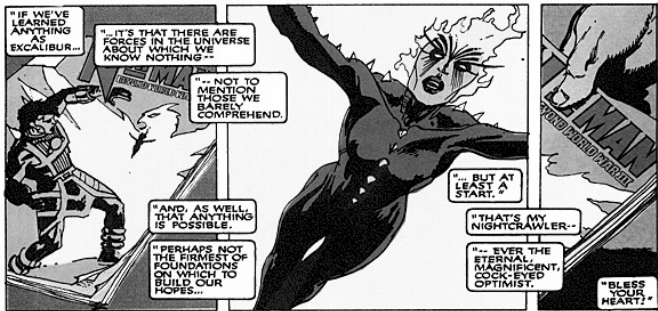
THERE'S NO NEED TO BE AFRAID.

YOU'RE AMONG FRIENDS.









# BEAST CHARMING:



RUH-ROH...

CAUGHT SCANNING YET  
ANOTHER FUN COMIC!